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IRON ORE FROM THE MESABA FIELD, MINNESOTA

(See Bulletin No. 5)

HOW TO OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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The Railroad Invades Khyber Pass

NEWS that the whistle of the locomotive soon will echo between the rock walls of Khyber Pass, India, one of the world's most famous traffic "bottle necks," meets a response from the Russian side of the mountain barrier. Soviet authorities plan to bridge the Amu Daria at Termez, which is the terminus of the Turkestan railroad system on the Afghan border. Such a bridge will afford easier contact with the caravan route leading 300 miles over the mountains to Kabul, capital of Afghanistan and thence onward to Khyber Pass. Every extension of trade route facilities in this corner of Asia lends further importance to this pass.

Located as it is, in the northwest corner of India and at the head of the "Broad Road" or "Main Street" of Kipling's lama and his youthful disciple "Kim," Khyber Pass is the key to the back door of India. It is one of the few breaks in that encircling wall of mountains and deserts which has been the main ally of the British in protecting their hard-won domains from the inroads of the independent and lawless tribes of the north and the west and Russia.

Alexander's Gate to India

The seeker of romance, of contrasts, and of danger might well end his journey here. As one writer says, "There is perhaps no other mountain passway in the world so historic as this, so filled with the ghosts of armies, so thoroughly soaked with romance and battle and blood." Many centuries before the roar of the motor truck, its canyon-like walls reverberated to the shouts of Alexander and his Greeks. It has known in turn the exultant cries of the Moguls, the Afghans and the pioneer English. For more than thirty centuries Khyber Pass has been a great floodgate, through which men have poured in search of conquest, adventure and trade.

Beginning at Fort Jamrud, an outpost surrounded by tents and adobe houses a little more than ten miles from Peshawar, the new railroad parallels the roads of the Pass as it winds and twists its way in a northwesterly direction to Ali Masjid, located in a cuplike depression at the highest point in the Pass. This is the limit of the line. Here the highway begins its descent, through the narrowest and most treacherous section of the Pass to Landi Kotal, the last Indian town. Six miles farther on is the Afghan border. Throughout its length the twisting defile is a gloomy gorge, into some parts of which the direct rays of the sun never penetrate. High precipices, treeless and desolate, but very impressive in their vivid colorings and dense shadows, make easier to comprehend the difficulties in protecting the route.

Travel Only 2 Days a Week

Although the entire Pass is in British territory, safe conduct is offered on only two days in the week. At dawn Tuesdays and Fridays merchants and their caravans assemble at each end of the Pass and there is a great hurry and scramble to get through before sunset. On these two days troops occupy the hilltop blockhouses and are stationed along the road to protect the caravans from snipers and highwaymen. By herding all the traffic into two weekly

CROSSROADS OF FREIGHT CARS

How an airplane sees a classification yard near Chicago. Two trains to be "broken up" and their cars made up into other trains may be seen in the foreground. The "hump" is on the near side of the little house spanning the tracks in the foreground and the slope runs down into the yard. Up in this bridge house are men who operate electrically controlled switches. They press a given button, the corresponding switch is set, and the cars intended for the trains being made up on the track which this switch opens are uncoupled and allowed to roll by gravity to their appointed position. This yard can handle 10,000 cars per day (see bulletin No. 2).

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Crossroads That Are World Famous

THE IMPORTANCE of crossroads is impressed upon the mind of every motorist who has to wait for a "Stop" signal to turn to "Go." Announcement from the Commerce Department that there are 19,999,000 motor cars in the United States serves notice that the problem of crossroads is becoming more and more important. It lends interest to a study of famous American crossroads of motor and other kinds of traffic and of famous crossroads of the world.

One of the most notable crossroads in the United States is the one at Washington and Meridian Streets, Indianapolis. With one blast on his whistle the traffic policeman stationed there can send automobiles to Miami, Florida, or Seattle, Washington. At will he can turn his back on Florida and Seattle and route cars to New York or Los Angeles.

The Washington and Meridian Streets intersection in Indianapolis is the crossroads of the main transcontinental highways of the United States.

Practically every great city has to be a geographic crossroads before it can be a great city. History counts Chicago only a fledgling crossroads but the Windy City lays claim to two records in fusing streams of men and metal; its "train a minute" advertisement is a hint to its position as the world's greatest rail center, its feverish trade gives to the intersection of State and Madison Streets the title of the "busiest corner in the world." Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, may make more people bump shoulders, but for thronging pedestrians and vehicles Chicago's most crowded crossroads stands alone, it is believed.

London a Roman Crossroads

The spot where Braddock met defeat, where the extending avenues of British and French colonial progress collided, is to-day one of the most notable of the United States' crossroads. The town of Braddock, eight miles out of Pittsburgh, on the Monongahela River, is supposed to be the tonnage center of railway traffic. Iron ore comes in from the North and coal from West Virginia to feed the hungry blast furnaces. Six of the heavy freight-carrying railroads pass Braddock's front door.

London questions the American claims to street traffic records, pointing to the Bank of England corner. Under this frowning, austere facade, vehicles and pedestrians in unending streams debouch from Cheapside, Threadneedle, Cornhill, Lombard, King William, Queen Victoria and Princess Streets.

So strictly fixed are the laws of geography that London's traffic whirlpool to-day is the same crossroads of England that Caesar's captains established two thousand years ago. The Romans entered England by the Thames and by the Kent coast. The old Kent Road sought the most satisfactory crossing of the Thames which would be still within reach of the sea. "Londinium" became the crossroads to the fertile midland. London is not only the crossroads of England to-day but also the intersection of many world streams of trade. Before the World War no important banking transaction took place on earth without the guardians of the financial crossroads of the world in London taking their toll. New York now pockets the poll tax for money's highroads.

passages, too, there is the added safety of numbers. At Ali Masjid the two streams of traffic meet at midday, thus the highway in either direction can be devoted to one-way traffic. On other days the road is deserted.

What arrangements will be made to increase this margin of safety, now that the railroad covers half of the distance through the Pass, has not been stated. The Government of Afghanistan has maintained its "Absolutely Forbidden to Cross This Border Into Afghan Territory" sign, for many decades, so the railroad will increase the number of "one-foot" visitors to Afghanistan (i. e. tourists who step over the border so they can have something out of the ordinary to tell the folks back home.) What effect it will have in bringing about a change in the "splendid isolation" of the Afghans remains to be seen.

Some of the wild land beyond the Pass in Afghanistan is exceedingly beautiful, resembling, according to the few Europeans who have seen it, the famous Vale of Kashmir. Areas around the headwaters of the Kabul River, the most important river in the kingdom, have not been explored by Europeans since the days when Alexander made his way to India.

Highwaymen Become Highway Guards

More interesting than the scenery of the Pass are the Afridis, the untamed tribesmen who live in the vicinity of the passes between their country and India. They are powerful, independent, treacherous and ferocious. Hiding in the seams of the hills they once picked off with their trusty muskets travelers on the roads below. Many punitive expeditions were sent against them, expeditions which were as unfruitful as the Moroccan campaigns against the Riffs.

Acting on the principle that a thief can catch a thief, however, the British have been more successful. The daring plan was conceived of training and arming the wild tribesmen of the Pass into a protective body. The "Khyber Rifles," composed entirely of Afridi tribesmen under English officers, has become a famous and successful British colonial military organization. Tall, stalwart men, who do not seem to know the meaning of fear, they have figured in much of the literature concerning the safeguarding of the India frontier.

A TYPICAL AFGHAN RESIDENCE NEAR THE TURKESTAN BORDER

The mat and skin hut is tied down with guy-ropes, like a tent. Such huts are divided into small rooms by curtains, and several families are often found in one hut. The floors are covered with felt.

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Lake Garda: Portal to Redeemed Italy

WHEN Premier Mussolini delivered his recent militant speech about the Italianization of German-speaking districts of upper Trentino, his words were honored with a salvo of 27 guns on Lake Garda.

For on the shores of this beautiful lake, which borders the Trentino district where German influence is causing Italy concern, lives Gabriele D'Annunzio, flyer, poet, and at one time captor and ruler of Fiume. In his front yard is parked (this is literally true for it is high and dry) the Puglia, an obsolete battleship, the gift of a grateful government. So when D'Annunzio read the bold words of the Italian dictator to Germany in answer to their protests in the interest of the German-speaking natives of Trentino, he ordered the guns fired.

Italy's Largest Lake

Lake Garda is a very fine place to retire to no matter what one's profession. Most of the yearly host of visitors carry back with them visions of a great inland sea set in a background of enchanting beauty. The southern shores are flat and low, sloping easily back from the water into the sunbaked and fertile valley of the Po River. As the lake narrows toward the north, first the Alpine hills, and then the higher spurs of the Alps fold in upon it. The upper reaches are like a Norwegian fiord, with precipitous cliffs and deep, quiet waters.

Garda is Italy's largest lake and, with the exception of Geneva and Constance, is unsurpassed in size in the Alpine region. It is about 34 miles long, but varies in width from 3 miles to 11 miles, being gourd-shaped with a long narrow neck running into the outposts of the Tyrolese Alps.

In many respects it is more like a small inland sea than a lake. Its deep blue coloring is like that of the Mediterranean and, unlike its sister Lombardian lakes, it has real sailboats with two masts, their brown and yellow sails contrasting prettily with the blue of the water and the green background of the hills. Over the surface of Garda hangs a heavy haze at times, confirming the resemblance to the sea. In the winter months gulls enliven the water front with their sharp cries.

A Subject For Poets

Lake Garda was once an important link in the trade route between Verona and Trent, but the construction of the railroad up the nearby and more direct Adige Valley has left the lake again the quiet dwelling place of beauty of which poets, even as far back as Roman days, have sung. Garda has shared with Como the attention of poets and writers of every age.

For many years two flags ruled its waves, the northern tip and the city of Riva lying in Austria. Garda was thus a sort of debatable region of romance, where Latin and Teuton touched elbows, and the picturesque gunboats of the customs officers waged an unceasing war against more picturesque smugglers. Since the World War the lake and the surrounding country have been Italian.

To-day lemons, citrons, olives, oranges and grapes share with tourists the honor of being the principal "industry." Along the sheltered west shore, or Riviera as it is called, the lemon plantations scale the steep slopes of the hillsides, backed by stone walls for protection against the chilling winter winds. Tall, fragrant laurel trees, and gloomy cypress and pine, mix their foliage with sub-

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Paris, the Natural Traffic Crossing

Mankind has many remarkable crossroads of other types. There are crossroads of the sea at Singapore, Panama Canal, Hawaii, St. Paul Island and Colombo; crossroads of cable lines at Guam and the Azores; crossroads of history in Palestine; crossroads of intercourse between Europe and Asia at Constantinople. And now appear the crossroads of the air at Prague.

Probably the best investment in crossroads real estate is Paris. Geographers say Paris is the natural headquarters of mankind. That it is the inevitable crossroads of France is plain, for it commands the best routes to England, Belgium, Germany, the Mediterranean and to the Loire. When all parts of the world have been developed to their natural capacity Paris, they say, will hold sway. She has easy access to the Mediterranean and Africa through the break between the Alps and the Pyrenees. She is more convenient to the Atlantic than Germany and Italy. Vast Eurasia can come to her better than to England, Spain or Italy. She has better access to America than Japan or China. Paris' international atmosphere to-day is evidence that "all roads lead to Paris," not Rome.

The World's Zero Zero

A good question for a geography final examination is: Where is the world's Zero Zero? Answer: The intersection of the Equator, zero latitude, and the zero longitude which runs through Greenwich, England, is the arbitrary map crossroads of the world. This point lies in the Gulf of Guinea 400 miles off Accra on the Gold Coast of Africa.

When the Turk became traffic policeman and turned the "STOP" sign against Europe in Palestine, he produced one of the few traffic jams for which the world can give thanks. Vasco da Gama went off on a detour and discovered the way around Africa and around Palestine, the most important crossroads of ancient history. And what was still worse for the Turk, Columbus started off in the opposite direction. Columbus' discovery of America broke the Ottoman monopoly. The busy isthmus between the Red Sea and the end of the Mediterranean has been the parade ground of conquerors—Cambyses, Alexander the Great, Pompey, Saladin, Richard the Lion Hearted, Allenby and many, many others. No real empire could do without it. But the tonnage of the Panama Canal last year passed the Suez. The crossroad Columbus discovered has eclipsed that of history.

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Kelantan: Typical Political By-Product of Rubber

NATIVE life in the East Indies is developing many odd angles due to the shower of riches which has come with high prices for rubber.

A native chief grown rich in rubber dressed his daughter in a gown of paper money for her wedding, newspaper dispatches report. The demand for jewelry has increased so much that large shipments of silver have been sent to Singapore from United States. Tempting profits and the British restriction of rubber exports have created also a new business of rubber running. Malay and coolie smugglers take rubber across the straits to market it in the Dutch East Indies.

The recent history of Kelantan, a tiny Malay state which has been able to pay a $2,000,000 debt with the generous aid of American buyers of automobile tires, is typical of the remaking of the whole Malay Peninsula by rubber.

In the Geographical "Florida" of Asia

Think of the Malay Peninsula as an elongated Florida tacked on southeast Asia. Singapore shall be Key West; then the southern boundary of Kelantan is approximately in the position of Orlando and the northern boundary is 150 miles above, that is, at Jacksonville, Florida. Kelantan is 60 miles deep, which is a trifle more than half the width of Florida. Since Kelantan lies 5 degrees from the Equator, it would be quite willing to trade mountains for a bit of Florida's latitude.

Miami had a 14-inch fall of rain recently which seems to put it in the running with Kelantan where over 100 inches fall annually in the plains district. When the figures are all in Florida's average will be shown only one-third as great. Kelantan's steeping climate swathes its hills in the densest of tropical forests. The jungle is matted above ground and matted below. An American surveyor boring for a bridge pier cut through 100 feet of crushed and rotting leaves and branches to find the bottom obstructed by a rotting trunk of a forest monarch that may have fallen more than a century before.

Green has been the greatest tyrant in Kelantan. A native will cut out a garden plot in the jungle. By dint of industry he can keep the jungle back for two years' crops of tapioca root. Two years abandonment results in a growth 10 feet high, impenetrable without an axe. Acres of Virginia farms abandoned during the Civil War support 30-foot pine trees, but there one can still identify the old corn rows. Ten years after the Kelantan garden patch is surrendered, only the practiced eye can distinguish the spot from natural jungle.

Jungle Gives Way to Rubber Trees

But not all of Kelantan is jungle. The plain in the northeast, one of the largest level regions in the whole peninsula, affords views where there are no trees to be seen for miles; only rice beds glistening like windows of an enormous hothouse and grass pastures for cattle. Even the disordered jungle is giving way to the ordered rows of rubber trees. Rubber is now the most valuable export of Kelantan. Two other tree products, coconuts and betel-nuts figure heavily in its trade. Betel-nuts are a chewing gum substitute of the Orient.

Kelantan offers a handy example of the East Indies before and after Euro-

tropical palms, yuccas, magnolias and aloes, while the plateaus above are streaked with barbaric reds and yellows—truly a paradise for the naturalist and the artist.

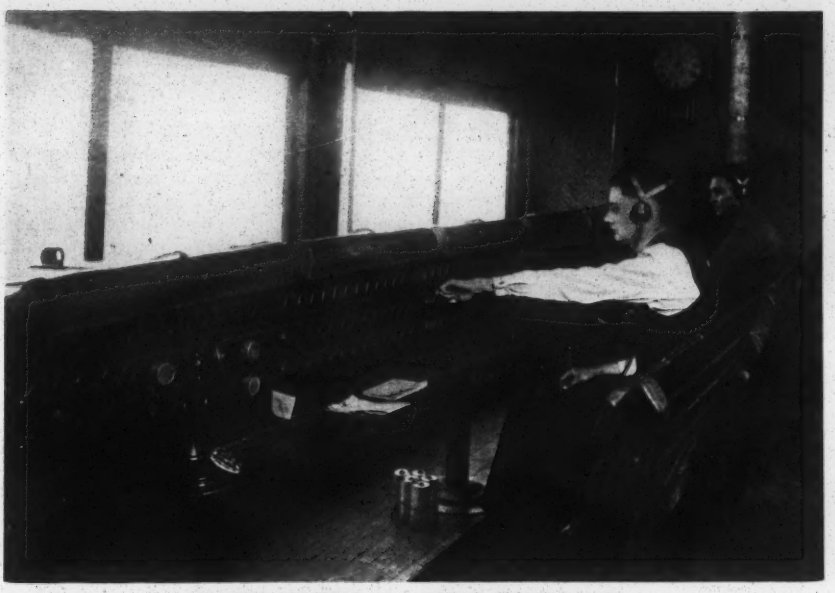
Where Lemons Got Their Name

No less colorful and interesting are the many little towns that border the lake. Salo, the main port on the west coast, runs riot in color. The houses are painted to look like wallpaper. The pinks, greens, yellows, and blues of the walls and the inevitable red tile roofs of these swallow-like homes perched on the hillsides can only be matched by the fringes of family washings that flutter in the breeze at the water front.

Nearly at the head of the lake is the little village of Limone, which, it might reasonably be supposed, was so named because of its large production of lemons. The story is really the reverse, for it is said that the fruit derived its name from this little town, being the first place they were grown in Europe. Riva, at the northern tip, is set in the pit of a towering amphitheater of mountains and is the principal tourist resort. Nearby, at Torbole, Goethe wrote the first of his "Iphigenie" in 1786. Since that time the district has been a favorite winter resort for wealthy Germans and Austrians.

Running boldly into the center of the southern part of the lake is the narrow peninsula of Sirmione, once a resort of wealthy Romans. A short distance south of the lake is the Tower of San Martino, a lofty stone memorial which commands a sweeping view of the great southern end. It commemorates the victory of the French and Italians over Austria, at Solferino in 1859.

At the effluent, the southeast corner, is Peschiera, with extensive ancient fortifications. The city, once a corner of the celebrated Austrian "quadrilateral," has always been important in a military sense. Along its water front are many gondola-like boats, showing the lingering influence of the time when this was part of the great maritime republic of Venice.



TRAFFIC OFFICERS OF A GREAT FREIGHT YARD

Two men controlling the movements in a modern freight car classification yard. This push-button board brings out order and action in a maze of switches and tracks such as are seen in the illustration facing Bulletin No. 1 (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Kursk, Russian Apple Orchard Which May Become an Iron Mine

RUSSIA has greater iron resources than all the rest of the world, according to a survey which has been submitted to the Soviet Government. Kursk is the site of rich deposits only recently discovered. The survey places an estimate of between 18 and 20 million tons in the holdings.

Before the discovery Kursk had been famous for fruits, especially its apples, which are as well known throughout Russia as Florida grapefruit or California oranges are in the United States.

In Black Earth Belt

Fertile Kursk lies in the famous black earth belt which has been the granary of Europe since the days of Athens' glory until now, when its produce provides the Soviet Government another trading argument for reestablishing commercial relations with hungry Europe.

Located, for the most part, on the southern slope of middle Russia's central plateau, the government, or province, is scarred by many ravines and traversed by more than 400 streams, none of them navigable to any valuable extent. Though crops of wheat, potatoes, sugar beets and fruits cover a large percentage of its area, its crowded population, even in normal times, found living hard. Many emigrated to Siberia and some summers 100,000 or more workers would go to contiguous governments to find work.

The town of Kursk is located picturesquely on two hills, the sides of which are blanketed with orchards. One must change his mental picture of a city or town in considering this part of Russia; for here settlements are not closely built. Kursk exemplifies the custom of scattering groups of thatched cottages over a considerable area, frequently with streets poorly defined and unpaved, and large waste stretches intervening among these communities.

A Market for Each Product

The railroad station is nearly four miles from the city. From the station where one alights amid a monotonous plain he jounces along a cobblestone road to an indifferent hotel. On the way is a stream where scores of women beat dirt out of clothes, a hint of cleanliness not wholly borne out in many sections of the city.

The Russian retail custom of a market for each commodity prevails—one for pork, another for horses, a third for vegetables—and the visitor's sympathy goes out, even though he knows it is not warranted, for the peasant market men in sheep-skin coats of many patches, with the wool inside.

Smaller villages south of Kursk are straggling communities where the barn alongside the road often is the most conspicuous building of a family establishment. A tiny house, where family and domesticated animals huddle about a common fireplace in winter, is set in the far corner of the ramshackle group. If the home is a pretentious one the house has a chimney.

Nightingales Abound

Where orchards do not border the city of Kursk there are woods and these are famous for their nightingales. The city was the birthplace of Theodosius, a

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pean intervention. Kelantan has been made safer for the ordinary native citizen and his family and a greater share of the profits of the citizen's toil come to him.

The native conception of municipal government can be understood best by imagining a parallel political system set up in an American corn-belt town. In the first place the mayor would regard the community solely as a source of wealth for himself although he would not live there but instead in Chicago. Neither would he take the responsibility for governing the town or collecting the taxes, since he could farm out that work to an exacting foreigner. In Kelantan the foreigner would be a Chinese.

Friends Feed Prisoners or They Starve

Anyone in the community who committed a crime would be haled before a court in another city. Since the chief ends of justice, Kelantan style, are to support the judges, half the damages and costs, together with what terrorism, bribery and blackmail could exact, would go to these dignitaries. Once in jail the citizen's chance of getting out would be small indeed.

It would be necessary to abandon the clean, well-kept jail of our hypothetical Mid-west town to approach the old Kelantan standard. In a vacant lot there would be erected a high, solid-planked palisade. Inside there would be a double row of stout wooden cages about 30 inches from the wall and 6 inches off the ground. The cage dimensions are 6 feet long, 2 feet wide and 5 feet high. If the jail is crowded two persons can be put in one cage. Slats of the cell allow little light and air and there are no sanitary facilities. White men who have entered such compounds in Malay states tell that the stench is overpowering. The jail warden would be permitted by law to feed his prisoners with a half bushel of corn taken from every wagon entering town. None of the prisoners would ever get the corn. Unless relatives and friends fed them, a fee being charged for this by the warden, the prisoners would starve. Indeed, in Kelantan many did starve to death.

Continuing the parallel, the Mid-west citizen's tax bill would have to be greatly augmented. There would be the poll tax to raise a tribute to the capital. The mayor in addition would send a consignment of goods which the townsmen would have to buy whether they wished the goods or not and at an exorbitant price. At command they would have to abandon their cornfields to the weeds in order to cut timber in the jungle, float it down the river, and surrender it to the authorities receiving no compensation. In addition, if the farmer should try to resist tyranny by giving up his farm he would be fined for that.

Where The Railroad Goes, Rubber Goes

British intervention in Kelantan has wiped away most evils of this medieval system, which was far worse in practice than anything Europe ever knew in the blackest centuries of the Dark Ages. Even the native ruler, who is still nominal head of the state, reigns in greater luxury, because he actually gets the taxes he levies although the British adviser has slashed the amount he may levy.

Kelantan has railroad service with Bangkok and Singapore now. A branch line came in from the north as far as the capital, Kota Bharu. Another finger line stretched toward it from the south. The fingers have joined and Kelantan's prosperity is assured, for where the railroad goes in Malay Peninsula rubber goes.

saint greatly venerated by the Russians. It is the oldest city in this region, dating back to the eleventh century. In 1240 Mongols destroyed it, and its later defense against Turks is commemorated in an epic of early Russian literature, "The Triumph of Igor."

In 1919 Denikin captured Kursk, a victory which marked the apex of his successes. It is 330 miles southwest of Moscow. Its name is a relic of Cossack conquest. Their practice of building dwellings around a court or "kur" led to calling the city and the region around it, Kursk, which means "pertaining to the court."

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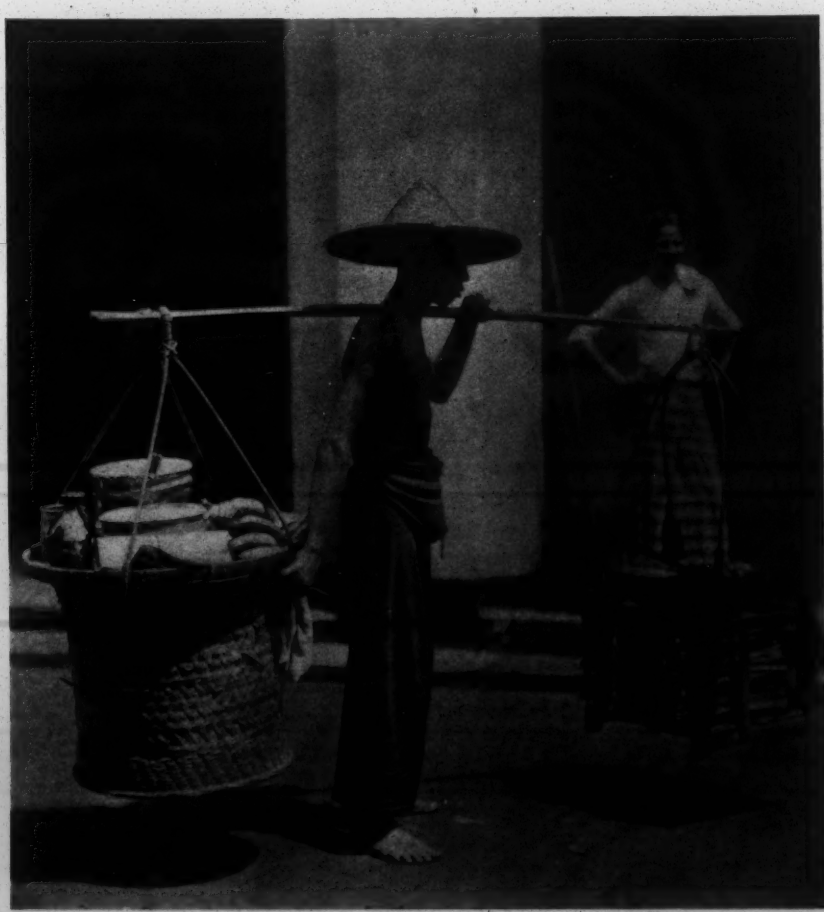

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A TRAVELING RESTAURANT IN SINGAPORE

Chinese have come into Singapore and the Malay Peninsula in great numbers. Since they will work better than the natives despite the tepid, tropical climate, the British use increasingly large numbers of them on rubber plantations and in other lines of work (see Bulletin No. 4).